

DELL

JANUARY

10¢

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**





Summer, winter, spring and fall,
Kids love **KOOL-AID** best of all!



Want to make a big hit with your gang?
Then mix 'em up a smiling pitcherful of
Kool-Aid today! And be sure you have
Kool-Aid in the house all the time, to
treat your friends and family, too!

**5¢ package
makes two quarts**

9 great flavors including

New Lemon! Try 'em all!

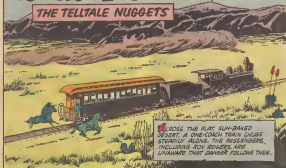


ONE OF THE
MANY FINE PRODUCTS
OF GENERAL FOODS

© 1983 GENERAL FOODS

ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

THE TELLTALE NUGGETS



ACROSS THE FLAT, SUN-BAKED DESERT, A ONE-COACH TRAIN CHUGS STEADILY ALONG. THE PASSENGERS, INCLUDING ROY ROGERS, ARE UNAWARE THAT DANGER FOLLOWS THEM...



OKAY...
LET'S GET
'EM!



HANDS UP, EVERYBODY!
THIS IS A STICKUP!

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3575 to 26 Ninth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.
ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER, Vol. 1, No. 104, January, 1967. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Dennis F. Delaney, Jr., President; Hugo Brown, Vice-President; Allen F. Delaney, Vice-President. Registered at second-class mailing, June 2, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada \$1.00 per year, single copies 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions \$2.00 per year. Dell Subscription Service, 16 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. © 1966 by Roy Rogers-Posters, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing and Lithographing Co. Except those who have authorized the use of their names herein, the names, names, characters, incidents, and situations mentioned or portrayed in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please attach to five copies or more of the next issue date. Give both past and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





OKAY, FOLKS! JUST DROP
YOUR VALUABLES IN MY HAT
AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT!



YOUNG MAN,
THIS IS
AN...

I KNOW--I KNOW--
AN OUTRAGE! THE
PURSE, LADY! AND
BE QUICK
ABOUT IT!

WHEN ALL THE PASSENGERS IN THE COACH EXCEPT BOY
HAVE BEEN RELIEVED OF THEIR VALUABLES...



THAT DOES
IT! PRETTY
GOOD
HAIL!

OKAY NOW GET THIS GUY AND DON'T OVERLOOK
THAT WATCH HE'S WEARING!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! THAT
WAS MY GRANDFATHER'S
WATCH!

SIT DOWN!



HEY!

I'LL
TAKE
IT!



NOW THE
GALLET!

DON'T YOU BOYS
KNOW YOU CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS?

SURE, SURE--WE
KNOW! SPEED IT
UP JOE! THE
HORSES ARE
COMING!

AND AS THE BANDITS GET READY TO LEAVE THE TRAIN, ANOTHER OF THEIR COMPANY APPEARS...



SHORT TIME LATER...



ROY! ROY ROGERS!
OVER HERE!

HOWDY,
SHERIFF!

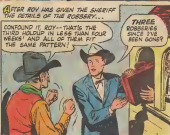


HOW ARE
YOU, MATT?

JUST FINE, ROY! HOW WAS YOUR
BUSINESS TRIP TO THE CITY?



THE TRIP GOING WAS ALL
RIGHT, BUT WE HAD A LITTLE
TROUBLE COMING BACK--
A TRAIN ROBBERY!



AFTER ROY HAD GIVEN THE SHERIFF
THE DETAILS OF THE ROBBERY...

CONFOUND IT, ROY--THAT'S THE
THIRD HOLDUP IN LESS THAN FOUR
WEEKS! AND ALL OF THEM FIT
THE SAME PATTERN!

THREE
ROBBERIES
SINCE I'VE
BEEN GONE?



BUT SOMEHOW--THE SOUND OF A VOICE, THE COLOR OF EYES AND HAIR, THE WALK--SOMEHOW, WHEN ONE OF THOSE HOLDUP MEN SHOWS UP, I'LL RECOGNIZE HIM!



HAVE THERE BEEN ANY STRANGERS AROUND HERE LATELY--ANYONE SUSPICIOUS?



NO, NO ONE... EXCEPT A FEW PROSPECTORS PASSING THROUGH!

WELL, LET'S KEEP OUR EYES AND EARS OPEN! SOMETHING WILL TURN UP! RIGHT NOW I'M GOING DOWN TO SEE HOW TRIGGER MADE OUT WHILE I WAS GONE!



AT THE TOWN LIVERY STABLE...

HELLO, TRIGGER, OLD BOY! DO YOU MISS ME, FELLA?



WELL, I'LL BE JIGGEDED! ROY ROGERS! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?

PETE! PETE HAND!



WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU, OLD-TIMER? STILL CHASING THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW?

NOT ANY MORE! NO BAREE! I HIT IT, ROY! HIT IT BIG!

LOOKEE HERE -- GOLD -- PURE YELLOW GOLD! MUST BE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR'S WORTH!

HEY! TAKE IT BABY!

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO HAVE ALL THAT DUST AROUND! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT AND PUT IT IN A NICE SAFE BANK!

I'M GOIN' TO! BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM!

I'M RIGHTLY GLAD FOR YOU, PEP! YOU DESERVE IT!

THANKEE, ROY! BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU LATER -- RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO TEND TO OLD JENNY HERE!

THE NEXT DAY...

NO, NOTHING, MATT! I'VE BEEN DOWN AT THE BANK AND THE POST OFFICE, LOOKING AT PEOPLE, LISTENING TO THEIR VOICES...

WHAT ABOUT IT, ROY -- TURN UP ANYTHING?

I'M CONVINCED THE TWO MEN ON THE TRAIN WERE STRANGERS -- I DIDN'T GET A GOOD ENOUGH LOOK AT THE THIRD FELLOW WHO BROUGHT UP THE HORSES TO BE ABLE TO TELL ABOUT HIM!

WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND KEEB LOOKING! I MAY TAKE A WHILE, BUT...

THEN ONE MORNING, TWO WEEKS LATER...



WHAT
IS IT,
MATT?



OH?



LOOK LIKE THEY
COULD BE THE ONE'S
WE WANT! TRY
TO ENGAGE THEM IN
CONVERSATION.
WILL YOU? HERE'S
WHAT I WANT
YOU TO DO...



HONKY, SHERRIFF!

HONKY, BOYS!
HOLD UP
A MINUTE!



HOW'D YOU
BOYS MAKE
OUT--HAVE
ANY LUCK?

A LITTLE--
NOT MUCH!

WE FOUND SOME COLOR--
BARELY ENOUGH TO BUY
BEANS AND BACON!--THEN
THE MEN PINCHED OUT!

THAT'S TOO BAD!



BY THE WAY, YOU
WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT
TIME IT IS,
WOULD YOU?

HEY, SURE!
IT'S --



WAIT A MINUTE!--YOU
DON'T THINK EITHER OF
US WOULD HAVE A
WATCH, DO YOU?

JUST THOUGHT
I'D ASK!



WELL, BETTER LUCK
NEXT TIME--ON YOUR
PROSPECTING, I MEAN!

THANKS! WE'LL
LET YOU KNOW

ANY GOOD



SHERIFF--IT'S THEM!
THEY ARE THE ONES!

ARE YOU
SURE?





THE BUILD, THE HAIR COLOR, THE VOICES -- EVEN THAT SLIP ABOUT THE WATCH! OF COURSE IT'S THEM!

SURE, BOY WE'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF!



BE CAREFUL NOW!



WHAT?

I'M SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU!



SAY, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

YOU KEEP 'EM COVERED MATT, WHILE I TAKE A LOOK!



COME ON, JOE! -- WHERE'S MY GRANDFATHER'S WATCH?

SHERIFF, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CRAZY CONJOY?



HOW ABOUT IT, ROY?

WE'S NOT CARRYING IT! NEITHER IS THIS OTHER GUY!



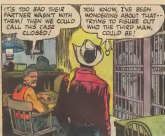






NEED ANY HELP?

NO-- NO, THANKS! THE SHERIFF HAS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL!



IT'S TOO BAD THEIR PARTNER WASN'T WITH THEM! THEN WE COULD CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!

YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THAT-- TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE THIRD MAN COULD BE!



IT ALMOST HAS TO BE SOMEONE FROM AROUND HERE-- SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THIS TOWN AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY WELL ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO LOSE YOUR POSSE AFTER EVERY HOLDUP!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE'LL NEVER CATCH ANYONE SITTING AROUND HERE! I THINK I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE EDGE OF TOWN AND TRY TO BACKTRACK ON THIS PAIR'S TRAIL!



SOON... WELL, TRIGGER! I GUESS THIS WAS A BUM IDEA! THERE ARE TOO MANY TRAILS OUT HERE TO KNOW WHICH ONE TO FOLLOW!



WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK AND... WAIT A MINUTE! WHO'S THAT OVER THERE?





GOW...

THERE SHE IS! NOT
MUCH TO LOOK AT
FROM HERE!

WHERE DID
ALL THESE
HORSE TRACKS
COME FROM?

WHY, YOU KNOW--THE STRANGEST
THING! TWO PEILERS WERE HERE
THIS MORNING--PROSPECTORS
THEY SAID THEY WERE, JUST
RIDING THROUGH!

WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR
DIGGINGS! I'M KIND OF ANXIOUS TO
SEE ALL THIS GOLD YOU WERE
BRAGGING ABOUT
THE OTHER DAY
IN TOWN!

YOU'LL SEE,
ALL RIGHT!



IT'S KIND OF DARK IN HERE,
BUT LIGHT ENOUGH SO'S YOU
CAN SEE I FOUND REAL GOLD!



THERE! WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THAT?

WELL, I'LL BE A
MONKEY'S UNCLE!...

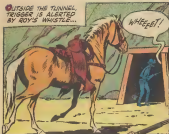
THIS IS THE RICHEST STRIKE I'VE EVER SEEN! IT ALMOST LOOKS AS IF THE GOLD WERE PLASTERED ONTO THE ROCK!

PLASTERED?

IN FACT, THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS -- PLASTERED ON -- AND BY A SHOTGUN, PROBABLY!



OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL,
TRIGGER IS ALERTED
BY BOY'S WHISTLE...



IT'S NO USE TO PRETEND TO BE
CALLING FOR HELP! NOBODY
FOLLOWED US HERE-- I LOOKED
BACK OFTEN ENOUGH
TO MAKE SURE
OF THAT!



SUDDENLY...



I HATE TO DO THIS,
OLD-TIMER, BUT-- GIVE
ME THAT GUN!

LET GO!
LET GO!



WHOO SH!





LATER...

TELL ME ONE THING, ROY-- WHAT DID I DO WRONG? WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME?

NOT A THING AT FIRST, PETE-- I WAS JUST CURIOUS TO SEE YOUR MINE! I WASN'T SUSPICIOUS UNTIL WE GOT THERE AND I SPOTTED THOSE HOOFPRINTS!



WHEN YOU SAID TWO PROSPECTORS HAD PASSED THERE, IT FIGURED TO BE THOSE TRAIN ROBBERS-- MOST PROSPECTORS USE BURROS IN THIS DESERT!



I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANYTHING TO GO ON UNTIL I SAW THE WAY YOU SALTED YOUR MINE-- THAT WAS A PRETTY GLOPPY JOB!



I'M GLAD AT LEAST THAT YOU TOOK MY GRANDFATHER'S WATCH AWAY FROM HIM WHEN YOU LET HIM GO INTO TOWN!

I KNEW THE MINUTE HE SHOWED ME THAT WATCH HE WERE IN FOR TROUBLE-- IT HAD YOUR NAME ON IT!



FIVE EMPTYIES

Back in the days of percussion guns, Coyote Wells was a tough cattle town. Saturday nights, when the boys used to come in from the ranches for a little relaxation at Johnnie Swenson's café, everybody packed a Remington .41 cap-and-ball or a Walker Colt, sometimes both. The only exception was Pop. He never carried a gun.

We never knew his real name or anything else about him. Elderly, skinny, and good-natured, he was everybody's friend. He worked for Swenson as spranger and waiter, kept his nose out of other people's business, and never got into any trouble.

That is, he kept out of trouble until the night the hardest stranger came into the café and ordered a meal. In a roomful of tough men, the stranger looked twice as tough as any. Big, thin, bipped, all-eyed, carrying a pair of 14-inch Remington .44's in tied-down holsters, he sat there, wolfing his food.

Poor old Pop, walking toward the kitchen at the back of the room, stumbled and spilled his mop-bucket on the stranger's feet.

In a flash, the stranger was on his feet, with those big pistols centered on Pop's stomach. He'd have fired, too. Then, all of a sudden from behind the counter, Johnnie Swenson said, "There's eighteen buckshot in each barrel says you better not shp those hammers!" The stranger found himself looking down the barrels of a sawed-off shotgun.

The shotgun stopped the stranger, but a sneer came over his mean face as he said, "Does this whole town horn in on a two-man fight?"

Swenson said, "You can see Pop isn't armed. Anyway, he's no gunfighter. If you have to fight, anybody in the bar'll take up for him. Just pick somebody!"

Then Pop spoke up. "Lose I've been too good-natured. Comes a time a man's got to stand up an' show his friends he's not yel-low!" Swenson, if you'll loan me those two Dragon Colts of yours, I'll make this reptile crawl!"

We tried to talk him out of it, but he insisted. But he said he wanted time to load the guns himself and went behind the bar. Loading a cap-and-ball is a slow job, each cylinder being loaded separately with powder and ball, and rammed and capped like a muzzle-loader. It took him five minutes, and all the time he was talking in a low voice to Johnnie.

Finally, he walked out with those two big guns strapped on, and the stranger stood up, ready.

"Now, just a minute," Pop said, "I'm no cold-blooded killer, an' I'll give you a chance to back out. I'll show you what you're up against. Go ahead, Swenson, like I said!"

The kitchen in back was dark, and Swenson hung a big tablecloth over the door opening. He dragged a bench in front of the tablecloth and lined up five empty bottles on it. Nobody paid any attention to him after that, because Pop stopped back twenty feet and crouched.

His left hand streaked down. The draw was clumsy, but his right hand flamed the hammer, and two shots ripped out like one long explosion. The bottles seemed to break all at once, in a crash of shattered glass.

Pop swung around and said, "All right, stranger, open the ball! I've still got my right hand gun!" But the stranger wasn't there. The bawling doors were flapping in and out, and a minute later, we heard his horse pounding down the street.

Everybody just stared, bug-eyed. Then I noticed something. I said, "Pop, how come there aren't any holes in that tablecloth?"

Pop started to laugh, and said, "Come on out, Swenson!" Johnnie Swenson stepped out from behind the tablecloth. He had a hammer in his hand.

Pop said, "When Johnnie and I loaded the guns, we didn't put in any bullets, just powder. Johnnie could see the bottles line against the light. When I let fly, he just hammered those bottles, one after the other, fast as he could!"

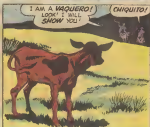
Roy Rogers' Horse TRIGGER

THE LITTLE VAQUERO

GRANDFATHER,
WHY CAN'T TRIGGER
AND I RIDE IN THE
FALL ROUNDUP WITH
YOU AND SENOR ROY
AND ALL THE OTHER
VAQUEROS?

PATIENCE, MY
SON! PATIENCE!

ONE MORNING, ON THE ROY ROGERS RANCH...





OHOO! BE CAREFUL!

AS TRIGGER SPRINGS HIMSELF AGAINST THE PULL ON THE ROPE...



HOLD HIM STEADY, TRIGGER! DO NOT LET HIM UP!



THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE ONE! I WON'T HURT YOU, SEE?



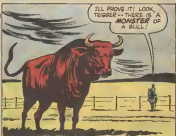
THAT WAS VERY GOOD, WAS IT NOT, GRANDFATHER?

SURE!



I THINK PERHAPS I AM THE BEST ROPER ON THIS ENTIRE RANCH!

I THINK PERHAPS YOU ARE THE MOST CONCERNED!—REMEMBER, A VAQUERO IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HIS HORSE...AND YOU ARE MOUNTED ON THE BEST!



BUT TRIGGER REALIZES THE SMALL BOY ON HIS BACK IS NO MATCH FOR A FULL-GROWN BULL....



UNDER CHIEF'S LEADING TRIGGER LEAPS THE FENCE INTO THE BULL PASTURE...

BRAVO!
BAND! TRIGGER!



AH-HAH! YORD!
PREPARE YOURSELF
TO BE THROWN!



TRIGGER! WHAT IS HE
DOING? HE IS NOT SUPPOSED
TO BE CHARGING US!

BRUFF!

INSTINCTIVELY TRIGGER FLINGS THE VICIOUS
CHARGE...



AYEE!

WE WILL SHOW HIM,
TRIGGER! JEER
HIM DOWN!





LEADING THE BULL AWAY FROM THE BOY,
TRIGGERED INZAGGI UNTIL ...



FINALLY HE MAKES A SHARP TURN WHICH BRINGS
THE BULL STUMBLING TO
ITS KNEES.



LEAVING THE BULL FEEZY AND DISORIENTED,
TRIGGER RETURNS...



AWAY, GOLDEN ONE!
BEND! YOU WERE
NASTY! YOU WERE
NASTY!
YOU HAVE
SAVED MY
LIFE!



BUT YOU KNOW--GRANDFATHER WAS
RIGHT! I AM TOO SMALL FOR FULL-
GROWN BULLS!



I THINK FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE,
WE WILL STICK TO RIDING CALVES--
AT LEAST FOR A MONTH OR TWO
UNTIL WE ARE A LITTLE OLDER!



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



A BADGE FOR CALVIN

"THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO LIKE BLUEBERRY PIE AND PEOPLE WHO DON'T. BUT I CAN TELL YOU OF SOME RANGERS WHO WILL SWEAR AT THE VERY WORD..."

"...IT ALL STARTED WHEN CALVIN COLDSWORTH, A LITTLE MISF OF A WAGONLEADER, CAME SOUTH TO JOIN THE TERRA RANGERS. THEY TURNED HIM DOWN 'CAUSE OF HIS SIZE, BUT HE TOOK A 'GRAND BANGERS' COOK JUST TO RE-NEAR THEM..."



BEEF STEW TODAY, CAPTAIN! AND I'VE GOT A DANDY DESSERT — BLUEBERRY PIE!

WELL, NOW! THAT'S SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO AFTER POUNDING THE BUNCH ALL DAY FOR THOSE HOLDUP MEN!



SUDDENLY, ANOTHER RANGER, A REAL SPOTTER, RASES INTO CAMP...

CAPTAIN! I PICKED UP THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL! IF WE HURRY, WE MIGHT STILL HEAD THEM OFF BEFORE THEY CROSS THE BORDER!

YOU HEARD HIM, MEN! LET'S GO!



I SURE WISH YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND AND COMMISSION ME A RANGER, CAPTAIN!... I'D CATCH THEM FOR YOU!

THANKS ALL THE SAME, CALVIN, BUT WE'D HATE TO RISK THE NECK OF OUR FAVORITE COOK!



SORRY WE CAN'T STAY FOR DESSERT, CALVIN! BUT THAT PIE LOOKS SO GOOD, I THINK I'LL TAKE A SLICE ALONG WITH ME!

YES, SURE! I'LL WRAP ONE UP!



AS THE RANGERS RIDE OUT, THE
OBJECTS OF THEIR HUNT ARE
MARCHING FROM HAPPY...

OUR PLAN WORKED!
THEY'RE GOING AFTER
THAT PUCKY TRAIL
WE RIGGED!

AND THEY
LEFT THE COOK
ALONE IN CAMP!
...LET'S GO!



ONE SOUND OUT
OF YOU AND YOU'LL
BE SORRY... NOW
DISH US OUT
SOME FOOD!

WHAT??...

OH--OKAY!



I BET YOU'RE
THE MEN THE
RANGERS
WENT OUT
AFTER!

JUST FORGET ABOUT
PLAYING DETECTIVE
AND FILL THOSE
PLATES! WE HAVEN'T
EATEN IN TWO DAYS!



Smiley...

THIS CHOW SURE HITS
THE SPOT! BUT WE'D
BETTER GO! THOSE
RANGERS'LL BE
BACK ANY TIME!



SURE! BUT WE CAN'T
GO WITHOUT DESSERT
...AND THAT BLUEBERRY
PIE LOOKS GOOD TO ME!



MEANWHILE, THE RANGERS, ARMED AND EQUIPPED WITH THE TRAIL, HAVE STOPPED FOR A REST...

THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN! THAT TRAIL JUST VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!... SILVER, HAND ME THOSE FIELD GLASSES, WILL YOU?

NOT A SIGN OF LIFE! I CAN SEE OUR CAMP THOUGH!... WAIT! THERE THEY ARE!

AND THEY'RE GIVING CALVIN TROUBLE! COME ON!

...IF THEY HURT CALVIN, I'LL HUNT THEM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!

IN NO TIME, THE RANGERS PULL UP IN THE BRUSH CLOSE TO THEIR CAMP...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! BRACKET HERE! WE'LL BREAK UP ON THEM!

I'M AFRAID THEY'VE ALREADY GONE, SIR! IT'S SO QUIET!

BUT AS THE BANDITS BURST INTO CAMP...



AFTER THE OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY, CALVIN IS SUMMONED BY THE CAPTAIN...



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 28, 1932, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 3, 1946 (Title 35, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Roy Rogers and Trigger published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers and Publisher: George F. Delacorte, Jr., 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George F. Delacorte, Jr., 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margorita Delacorte, 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and

other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statement as to the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1935

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 28, 1936)

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

Before the coming of the white man, the Indian had many ways of hunting the wild horse or "mustang." At first, he chose to walk his quarry down, following day after day on foot until he was close enough to throw a loop around the mustang's neck and capture him.

Later, the hunter changed his methods. He rode on horseback, using as a trap a snare of rope held out on a willow pole eight to ten feet long. He often hunted in groups, forming what was called a "sur-round," in which riders rushed from all sides, roping and leaping onto the wild horses' backs.

All of these methods the white mustanger quickly adopted, and added one last refinement of his own — creasing. This meant shooting a horse across the neck, just enough to stun him. It was a method that proved unsuccessful — and very often fatal to the horse.

As a result of all these methods, the two million mustangs that once roamed the West have all but disappeared . . . and the mustang has taken his place with the buffalo as an American oddity.

The Mustangers



HAVE FUN...



...building exciting action models
with world-famous

ERECTOR SETS

Build a sturdy sand ferris wheel, an oil drilling rig, a magnetic crane, and other thrilling models! Design your own models or build those suggested in the "How to Make 'Em" book that comes with your set. No other construction toy has all the great Erector features.

No. 816 Erector Set includes 16 lbs. of precision steel parts, powerful electric motor, electric lights and magnet, all in big steel chest. **\$27.49***

Others from \$2.99* *Slightly higher Denver and West

...performing laboratory
experiments with

GILBERT CHEMISTRY SETS

Now Gilbert offers the finest, most complete chemistry sets ever made. Perform chemical tests, original experiments, glass blowing and chemical magic. Great fun, and it helps prepare you for later school courses.

No. 15 Chemistry Set has equipment for hundreds of exciting experiments. Set steel shelves full of chemicals. Two test-tube racks. Balance. Alcohol lamp. **\$15.99*** Others from \$2.95*



...hunting real things,
watching them grow with new

GILBERT MICROSCOPE SETS

See nature in action with these laboratory-type microscopes! You can even see live birds and germs, as they creep past through various life phases before your eyes. As much fun as it is educational.

Ready, real slugging eggs, too! They come after a few hours, with this new No. 22 Gilbert Microscope Set! Steel cabinet has 4 turret microscopes—new design—complete lab equipment! Magnifies up to 750 power! **\$21.99*** Others from \$2.99*



GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE, Dept. 811
Brooklyn Square, New Haven 6, Conn.

Please send full-color catalog, set descriptions and talk about Gilbert Erector, Chemistry and Microscope sets.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



SEND FOR
FREE
CATALOG
TODAY



Pick your Christmas **DAISY** from these...



No. 1094 DAISY RED RYDER SHOOTIN' OUTFIT!

Imagine getting all the fun for Christmas!

Now, the world-famous 55 inch Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine plus a useful molded pre-tensioning cowboy canteen plus a genuine leather "holster" for canteen plus a genuine leather belt plus 2 packs of BB's! The "Daisy" all come inside the bag, beautiful "Gone Of The West" gift box—the super-perfect Christmas Gift! Show them and to Dad now—tell him you want that Outfit for Christmas \$9.95!

No. 1094 OUTFIT

\$9.95

No. 98 BB's
\$8.30

NO. 94 RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY
Famous 55-inch western-style repeater with Red Ryder "star-coping" design in gold on pocket, leather belt back (shown in Outfit 1094 above)! Rifle alone, with leather BB Loader, 2 Packs BB's, **\$8.30**

© 1954 Daisy Manufacturing Company, Inc.



Send Us One up for

FREE
DAISY AIR RIFLE
CAREBOOK! Reply.

MAIL NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 2017, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

I am interested in seeing the booklet and send you money toward my purchase.

Name

Dr. Mr. Mrs.

City State Zip



No. 35 DAISY PUMP GUN

\$9.50

No. 35 DAISY PUMP GUN

What a thrill to find the "King of All Air Rifles" under your Christmas Tree! Famous forced-feed 55-shot, 1400-2000 model Pumpaction! Full 17" long Gold-Blued jacket engraving. Very accurate. You order only 14 55-rod-long leather BB Loader, 1 Pack BB's.

No. 98 DAISY EAGLE WITH Real 3X Scope Mounted

Get the best Daisy ever created—for Christmas! Now 98's beauty looks like expensive hunting rifle with 3-Power Scope mounted—scope type front sight—avalanche stock, long forearm both resembling natural wood-grain color on custom-made sides. Heavy top grain leather sling. Air BB's about 27" regular. With leather BB Loader, 2 Packs BB's, Scope Stock, in gift box \$12.95



No. 98 with Scope Mounted

\$12.95

From
England
To China
Without Failure

From
England
To China
Without Failure

DAISY

AIR RIFLES • BB SHOT • SUPER SMOKE RIFLES

"Gone Of The West" Outfits • Holster-Canteen Sets

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

DEPT. 2017, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

SINCE 1885—Manufacturers for America and Beyond

Where Is My Year Daisy?

All hardware stores, sporting goods stores, gun shops or department stores. If none is available, write to Daisy Manufacturing Company, Dept. 2017, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.